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The Musical Lady



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THE  
MUSICAL LADY.

A  
F A R C E.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

*Ridetur, Chordâ quæ semper oberrat eâdem.*

HCE



D U B L I N :

Printed for A. LEATHLY, P. WILSON, H. BRADLEY,  
W. SLATOR, D. CHAMBERLAINE, J. POTTS, W.  
SMITH, JUN. R. WATTS, W. WHETSTONE, and  
S. WATSON.

MDCCLXII.

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THE

MUSICAL LADY.

A

FARCE.

As it is acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL in DUBLIN.

Richard, George and John (names)  
1801.



DUBLIN:

Printed and Sold by W. M. ...  
No. 10, ...

# PROLOGUE

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URON

# PROLOGUES.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

And, 'egad, it will do for any other Play, as well as  
this.

BAYES:

**A** N old trite Proverb let me quote!  
—As is your cloth, so cut your coat.  
To suit our Author, and his Farce,  
Short let me be! for wit is scarce.  
Nor would I shew it, had I any;  
The reasons why are strong and many.  
Should I have wit, the piece have none,  
A flash in pan with empty gun,  
The piece is sure to be undone.  
A tavern with a gauzy sign,  
Whose bush is better than the wine,  
May cheat you once—Will that device,  
NEAT AS IMPORTED, cheat you twice?  
'Tis wrong to raise your expectations:  
Poets, be dull in Dedications!  
Dullness in these to wit prefer—  
But there indeed you seldom err.  
In Prologues, Prefaces, be flat!  
A silver button spoils your hat.  
A threadbare coat might jokes escape,  
Did not the blockhead lace the cape.  
A case in point to this before ye,  
Allow me, pray, to tell a story!  
To turn the penny once, a wit  
Upon a curious fancy hit:

881230

Hung



*Hung out a board, on which he boasted  
Dinner for THREEPENCE! Boil'd and roasted!  
The hungry read, and in they trip  
With eager eye, and smacking lip:*

*" Here! Bring this Boil'd and Roasted, pray!"*

*— Enter POTATOES — drest each way.*

*All star'd and rose, the house forsook,  
And damn'd the Dinner — kick'd the Cook.  
My landlord found, poor Patrick Kelly,  
There was no joking with the belly.*

*These facts laid down, then thus I reason,  
Wit in a Prologue's out of season.*

*Yet still will you for jokes sit watching,  
Like Cock-lane folks for Fanny's scratching;  
And here my simile's so fit!*

*For Prologues are but Ghosts of wit;  
Which mean to shew their art and skill,  
And scratch you to their author's will.*

*In short, for reasons great and small,  
'Tis better to have none at all!*

*Prologues and Ghosts, — a paltry trade!*

*So let 'em both at once be laid!*

*Say but the word, — give your commands, —*

*We'll tie our Prologue-mongers hands!*

*Confine these culprits! [holding up his hands] bind 'em  
tight,*

*Nor Girls can scratch, nor Fools can write.*

P E R S O N S.

OLD MASK,

MASK,

FREEMAN,

ROSLN,

SERVANT,

SOPHY,

Lady SCRAPE,

LAUNDRESS,

Mr. YATES.

Mr. KING.

Mr. PACKER.

Mr. FOX.

Mr. WATKINS.

Miss POPE.

Mrs. BENNET.

Mrs. BRADSHAW.

The Trio sung by

Mrs. VINCENT, Miss YOUNG, and Mr. CHAMPNES.





THE  
MUSICAL LADY.

---

A C T I.

SCENE, Mask's Chambers.

—— Clock strikes Eleven.

*Enter Mask in a shabby dishabille, as if coming from an inner room.*

*Mask, [as counting the hour.]*

**E**IGHT, —— nine, —— ten, —— eleven. —— Past eleven by the Temple clock, and no news of Freeman yet! — And that old beldam of a laundress! — I expected to have heard her great rusty key turning in the lock two hours ago. — To go to Sophy's in this trim is impossible. — And if I break my appointment, I am out of her good graces for ever. [*Knocking within.*] Hilt. — Hark! somebody at the door! — [*Knocking within.*] A sneaking single tap! — That can never be Freeman. — A dun, ten to one! — Shall I answer? [*Knocking*] Again! How should they find me out here? — But perhaps it may be a message from Freeman. —— I'll try. — [*Going to the door and assuming a feigned voice.*] Who's there?

*Laund. [within.]* Me, your honour!

*Mask.* Me! you old hag! [*Letting her in.*] Where the duce have you been all the morning? Where's your key? — Why did not you let yourself in? — Have you called at Nando's?

*Laund.* Yes, your honour!

B

*Mask.*

6 The MUSICAL LADY.

*Mask.* Any letters?

*Laund.* Yes, Sir — here's one, they say, has lain in the bar these three days. [Giving a letter.]

*Mask.* Any message? or, has any body been there to enquire for me?

*Laund.* O yes, your honour. A world of folks, to enquire for you: — there has been your taylor, and linen-draper, and shoemaker, and the stocking man in Broad court, and the milliner at the temple gate; have all been at the coffee-house to ask after you.

*Mask.* What have we here? More plagues?

[Reading the letter.]

“ SIR,

Clifford's Inn.

“ *Mr. William Rummer, master of the mitre, has desired me to acquaint you, that if the inclosed bill, amounting to sixty-three pounds, five shillings, and sixpence halfpenny, is not paid within this week, he must endeavour to recover it by course of law; wherefore I hope you will take care to satisfy his demands, in order to prevent further trouble from*

“ *Your humble Servant,*

“ ANTHONY CAPIAS.”

Well said, master Capias. — Sixty-three pounds, five shillings, and sixpence halfpenny! a pretty sum! — and if the odd halfpenny would purchase the three kingdoms, I am not worth it. — A couple of scoundrels, with their bills and their letters! — so — so

[Tearing the bill and the letter.]

Are you sure there was no other message? — ne'er another letter left for me at the coffee-house?

*Laund.* Very sure, your honour.

*Mask.* Then my note was not carried to Mr. Freeman's I am positive.

*Laund.* Indeed it was, sir! — I am fartin it was. — For my husband told me as how he had delivered it into the gentleman's French gentleman's own hand himself.

*Mask.* Very strange, I should hear nothing of him! Sure he would not neglect me. — Was ever poor fellow in such a distressed situation? — A woman of fortune ready

ready to run into my arms, — and without money, cloaths, or clean linen to pay her a visit!

*Laund.* Ah! Heaven bless your honour! if you had but some of those broider'd cloaths, and rings, and watches, and swords, and fine linen, that I have carried to the three blue balls in Fetter Lane, for your honour, you might be dress'd out as fine as a lord. That you might, — and we had but a trifle, as a body may say, upon them neither. —

*Mask.* Confound the Blue Balls! — I would pawn myself now to raise five guineas. — Every thing is at stake. —

*Laund.* Lack-a-day now, how unluckily matters fall out! I have known the time I could have contrived to have lent you ever so many cloaths and curious linen of some of my other masters — and to be sure, there's his honour 'squire What d'ye call him, the West India gentleman, has a power of fine cloaths, all over gold and silver, — but then all his things have been carried to young madam's lodgings in Hart-street, and he has not been near chambers these three weeks. — I have no other gentlemen in town but 'squire Mac George, and he has no handsome cloaths — except the coat with silver button holes, and he wears that every day himself. — As for my other master, Mr. Barefield, — poor gentleman, I don't reckon him — for he has but one shirt in the world of his own — and that's marked W. M.

*Mask.* 'Sdeath! what luck — To forfeit my hopes when I am within an ace of success — To be the very next ticket to the ten thousand pounds! — To screw her musical heart just into right tune, and then to have the strings snap under one's fingers for want of a little rosin! — What can I do? *(loud knocking without.)*

Ha! here he is, I dare say — Go to the door — but if it is any body but Mr. Freeman, I am not at home — not in town — You know nothing of me, d'ye hear? *(Retiring.)*

*Laund.* I warrant your honour. *(Opens the door.)*

*Enter Freeman.*

*Mask.* *(coming forward)* — O my dear Freeman! is it you?

you? ---- I have been on thorns for fear you should not come. (*Laundress retires into the inner chamber.*)

*Freem.* Come! I have been in search of you this hour — and thought I should have been obliged to go back again without seeing you — I have been into every nook and corner of the Temple — ran through twenty windings and turnings — and courts, and lanes, and blind alleys ---- and then up as many stairs, as if I had been going to the top of the Monument.

*Mask.* Why I have changed the scene a little since I saw you last, to be sure — Elegant chambers! Freeman ---- I have them ready furnished you see ----

*Freem.* Won't the old gentleman be extremely surprized at the vast progress you've made in the law?

*Mask.* My father! prodigiously surprized ---- And I expect him in town every day ---- But no matter ---- For all my distress, Freeman, I am happy, and even successful ---- My affair with Sophy goes on swimmingly.

*Freem.* 'Psha, is that all? ---- A Musical Lady! I would as soon take the Navoyard girl for a wife, with no other portion than her cymbal.

*Mask.* Ay, but my mistress's lyre is strung with gold, you know. Thirty thousand in her own disposal! Besides, I dare say this passion for music is but one of the irregular appetites of virginity: You hardly ever knew a lady so devoted to her harpsicord, but she suffered it to go out of tune after matrimony.

*Freem.* This is all mighty pretty in theory ——— But even supposing that you can so easily reconcile yourself to all her airs and crotchets, I see very little prospect of her being so enamoured of you.

*Mask.* To the very brink of desperation and matrimony.

*Freem.* What! marry you? she never will, depend on it.

*Mask.* O you're mistaken — You have too high an opinion of her understanding, and too mean a one of mine. Sophy is like one of her own instruments: it requires some skill to manage her, I confess. But I am a connoisseur in the art, and know every one of her stops.

*Freem.* Her stops? ha! ha! — That would be a mighty

mighty pretty conceit, if you was to carry on your courtship in music.

*Mask.* And why not? Love, perhaps, may as well be sung as said, and is hardly more ridiculous one way than the other; not to mention that it is the only way of succeeding with Sophy. It is true indeed that notwithstanding her rage after the gamut, she knows little more of music than I do; yet I am so well convinced of the violence of her attachment to every thing that is musical and Italian, that I should hardly be surprized at her marriage with one of the *Sopranos* at the opera.

*Freem.* Ay, — but as I take it, *Mask*, you have no opera talents. You can neither sing, play, nor talk Italian.

*Mask.* No — but I can admire a fine singer, and be in raptures at an air or a chorus; and as for Italian, I have just gleaned enough of the language to sprinkle my conversation with it, as readily as many a fashionable coxcomb, who has made the tour of Italy.

*Freem.* So your principal recommendations are necessity and the *bon front* — Hey! George! — Well, success attend you!

*Mask.* I tell you, I am sure of her. I have made some pretty intelligible overtures to her already, which have been received not unfavourably. I have played off the complete virtuoso upon her, and she supposes me to be very lately returned from Rome. I have been thrown into raptures and musical extasies — and cried out *bravo! divino!* and *anchora!* louder than herself. But that which, I plainly perceive, weighs most with her, is a ridiculous proposal I have made to carry her over to Italy directly after our marriage. In short I have touched the principal string, the master key of her soul. Nay, she has even declared that I am a *bell' cavaliero*, and a person of infinite *gusto* — What do you think of that, Freeman?

*Freem.* Why, I think the only thing you have to do is to follow her up with spirit.

*Mask.* And so I have — nay, I have even gone so far, as to frighten her with the apprehensions of losing me.

*Freem.* A dreadful sentence! — But how?

*Mask.* By a pretended match with a lady in the coun-



try, which, I have told her, my father is determined to force me into; and that I expect him in town every day to conclude the business with his counsel.

*Freem.* Make haste then, and conclude your own business with her before he really arrives. Why don't you visit her?

*Mask.* Visit her! So I have again and again. I am honoured with her particular commands for this very morning: and did not doubt of making this my last visit. — But some small impediments, I was afraid, would have prevented my waiting on her. — for this week past, my affairs have been, as you may perceive, in some little confusion — I, you see, am rather in dishabille. —

*Freem.* Ha, ha, ha! This is, altogether, as droll an amour, and as whimsical a piece of courtship, as ever I heard of.

*Mask.* So much the better. The oddity of it charms me. I hate your Strephons and Chloes, your sentimental lovers, sighing and languishing for two years together.

*Freem.* Well — but your commands for me! — Tell me in two words, — What is it you want? —

*Mask.* In two words then — every thing.

*Freem.* I'm glad on't.

*Mask.* How so?

*Freem.* Because every thing in my power is entirely at your service.

*Mask.* My best Freeman!

*Freem.* Come then — Away with me this instant, or you'll be too late — You shall dress for your part at my house, and see now that you play it with spirit.

*Mask.* Never doubt it — Ten thousand thanks, my dear Freeman! Some other circumstances of this affair, as well as my conjugal plan, I'll acquaint you with, as we go along. I'll be with her in less than half an hour, and make love to some tune, I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter* Laundress, from the inner room, with a paper and a bottle.

*Laund.* Ah, the times are sadly changed with my poor

poor master here! — I have known the day I could have carried things enow from chambers to keep my whole family. But now, if I was to take so much as an end of candle, poor gentleman! he must go to bed in the dark. The only things I can find are these leavings of a quartern of Bohea, and the bottom of a bottle of rum. — Hard times for poor folks! — And yet, give him his due — he's a noble gentleman, that I must say for him. When he has it, away it goes, and every body's the better for it. Ah, bless him, he is the noblest master I ever had in my life. But these confounded gaming people cheat him of every thing.

[Exit with the paper and bottle.]

SCENE, a Room in Sophy's house.

Enter Sophy, and Lady Scrape.

*Sop.* O *Piano!* my dear lady Scrape, *Piano!* — The Opera is my darling amusement, it's true. I am infinitely concerned at their discord — But I can never think of endeavouring to bring Signior *Staccato* and the dear *Caprice* to an accommodation on such mean conditions.

*Lady Scrape.* Mean conditions! — Surely, surely, Miss Sophy, a salary of a thousand pounds — with an agreement to provide her a house ready furnished — to keep her a coach — and a French cook — and a Romish chaplain into the bargain, are no such despicable offers for one season's performance. — And as to Signor *Staccato*, the terms proposed are —

*Sop.* Nothing to what they have had abroad: Are not they the praise and admiration of all Europe? — Were not they loaded with presents by all the Nobles at Venice? — Universally caressed at Naples — entertained in the most sumptuous manner by the Prince of Wittemberg, taken under the immediate protection of the Empress at Vienna, admired at Paris, adored at Brussels — and treated with the utmost respect in every country but our own? — O the Goths and Vandals!

*L. Scrape.* Pardon me, Miss Sophy! these performers, I believe, have been no where better received,



or met with more encouragement. Signor Ela, the director, my Lord and Lady Minum, Myself, Madam, and many other Subscribers to the Opera, think the conditions offered at least equal to their merit.

*Sop.* Oh, their merit is above all recompence. They are a perfect treasure of taste and *vertu!* O the dear Caprice! — Such cadences! such *softenutos!* — and her graces, shakes, flurs, and *trilloes* — ravishing beyond expression! — And then Signor Staccato's execution! What enchanting tones? — what a noble *forte!* — what a tender *piano!* and such amazing *harpeggiaturas!* The very soul of harmony seems to breathe from the instrument.

*L. Scrape.* Their merit ought indeed to be very extraordinary, to come in the least degree of comparison with their insolence.

*Sop.* Insolence! your ladyship knows they are incapable of it.

*L. Scrape.* I wish I did, Madam! Has not the Caprice more than once affronted the whole town? Has not she disappointed them in the grossest manner — and refused to sing even on the Opera nights?

*Sop.* Accident and indisposition. *Voi amanti, &c.*

[*Humming a tune with affected indifference.*]

*L. Scrape.* And has not Signor Staccato laid by the compositions of the best masters for the sake of his own *concertos?*

*Sop.* Ravishing *concertos!*

*L. Scrape.* And has he not at last thrown the whole Orchestra into disorder and confusion?

*Sop.* Resentment and great provocation! La — la — la — la —, &c. [*Humming.*]

*L. Scrape.* Nay, is it not notorious to the whole world, Madam, that their insolence is owing merely to the great encouragement they have received, and that they depend entirely —

*Sop.* *Moderato! Moderato!* Madam — Your Ladyship's absolutely in *alt.*

*L. Scrape.* In *alt!* Madam?

*Sop.* Yes, in *Alt* — Give me leave to tell your Ladyship, that you have raised your voice a full Octave higher since you came into the room. But to no purpose —

The

The director of the Opera, and the Opera itself, shall suffer for it — Signor Staccato and the Caprice shall perform no where but in my house, and those of a few other persons of *gusto* — Nay, we'll have a Concert every Opera night — every Opera night, Madam —

*L. Scrape.* Mighty well! Madam.

*Sop.* Which will demolish his entertainment, and ruin his subscription.

*L. Scrape.* O you may find yourself deceived, Madam, — Signor Ela, and those of the Nobility, who interest themselves in this affair, are not without resources — A foreign minister's Lady has sent over for hands and voices superior to *your friends*, Madam — besides, Madam, let me tell you that Signora Trebletti is recovered of her cold; yes, Madam, Signora Trebletti is recovered of her cold, — and we don't doubt of providing a most exquisite Opera, without the assistance of either Signor Staccato or the Caprice. [Exit.

*Sop.* Oh the Tramontane creature! — But I'll not suffer her to disconcert the harmony of my temper — Here, Signor Rosini —

*Enter Rosini.*

Give me the Viol-di-Gambo — a lesson on the Bass will compose my mind [*Tunes the instrument, and turns over several pieces of music.*] Well, I declare now this little Venetian ballad-tune, which Mr. Mask has brought over with him, is set with an infinite deal of taste — and there is a most sprightly *extravaganza* in the words he has adapted to it — Signor Rosini, please to take the instrument — I'll go over this air — and do you accompany me on the Viol-di Gambo.

S O N G.

Love's a sweet and soft Musician,  
Who derives his skill from thee,  
Plays on every disposition,  
Strikes the soul on ev'ry key.

Deep Despair now thrums *Adagio*,  
Lively Hope now sounds *Corragio*.  
— O the ravishing transition!  
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dec.

*Enter*

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam the man is below with the Monica.

*Sop.* The what?

*Ser.* I forgot the name, Ma'am — but it is a set of musical glasses, that you bespoke last week.

*Sop.* O, the *Armonica*. I am ravished to hear it — Bid the Monica come up — Poor fellow! — And d'ye hear — tell them to get every thing ready for a Concert in the hall this morning — And d'ye hear, I am at home to nobody but Mr. Mask — And bid them lay the Guitar and the Viol d'amour on the Harpsicord — I shall make use of them both — [*Exit Servant.*] Signor Rosini! — will you be so good as to look over the scores, and see that the instruments are in tune — and every thing in order — I expect a great Virtuoso this morning — a complete judge of Composition — and a perfect master of the *Contra-punto* — So pray be careful!

[*Exit Rosin.*

I am astonished Mr. Mask is not come yet — well, I swear he's a charming creature — He hits my unison to a miracle — if he did but sing he would be a most complete Virtuoso. [*Sings.*] I protest I am quite in voice to-day — [*Sings.*] Lord I wish he was here — I shall absolutely ravish him.

[*Exit singing.*

*End of the First Act.*

## A C T II.

SCENE, *Sophy's House.*

*Enter Sophy, and Mask.*

*Sop.* **N**A Y, now, I am sure you flatter me — Is my stile so truly Italian? Have I quite got rid of the horrid English cadence?

*Mask.* Let me die, Madam, if your whole conversation and behaviour do not make me fancy myself in Italy

Italy — Signora Lorenza at Florence was the very type of you.

*Sop.* Well, I swear now, you are almost the only creature one meets with in this barbarous country that has the least taste — Our travelling gentry either return from the tour of Europe as meer English boors as they went — John Trot still — or come home at best mere French *petit maitres* — But as to Italy, not one of them but Signor *Masquali* — *Masquali!* — how very soft and prettily that sounds now! — You must give me leave to call you *Masquali* — instead of plain Mask, — with a vile English *K* in it — O fie — it might as well have been an *X* — a person that has any ear can't endure it.

*Mask.* *Masquali!* — The most beautiful refinement in the world! But now I think of it, your name, Madam, may admit of some improvement too. *Sophy* is, to be sure the prettiest of English names; yet it is too near *Molly*, and *Betsy*, and *Bridget*, and *Alice* to distinguish you. What d'ye think I would wish to call you?

*Sop.* I long to know — What?

*Mask.* I would call you then — I am sure you'll like it — THE SOPHINI.

*Sop.* THE SOPHINI! — I am pleased with it prodigiously — the sweetest *conchetto!* — *The Sophini!* — But pray, Signor, --- for I will call you Signor --- was not you charmed at the *concerto* last week? --- *The Caprice* was amazing, and great beyond expression in the song of *Fonti Amiche*.

[Singing.

*Mask.* The stile of that air was excellent. The *chromatico* — I remember. — But pray now tell me truly, (*taking her tenderly by the hand.*) — were there not some strokes of your composition in it? ---- I know all the *Virtuosi* consult you on these occasions — I thought I could discern your manner. — Come, confess, I am sure it was so.

*Sop.* Nay, now — P'shah — you know that I never --- and yet ---- (*smiling and languishing*) ---- You have an infinite deal of taste — you have indeed — I was always reckoned remarkable for the *chromatico*. (*conceitedly.*

*Mask.* That air was ravishing. But you must oblige me with it yourself.

*Sop.* What --- after the *Caprice*? ---- not for the World.---

*Mask.* I shall die if you refuse me. (*tenderly.*)

*Sop.* Lard! --- How can you be so troublesome? (*languishingly.*) Stay! --- *la-la-la-la* (*as tuning.*) Lord, how hoarse I am! --- I have a most terrible cold. --- Come, begin! (*to the Musick.*) but pray be careful of the *accompagnimenti.* *Adagio, ma non troppo.*

(*sings an Italian air.*)

*Fonti Amiche,  
Aure leggiere,  
Mormorando,  
Suffurrando,  
Voi mi dite,  
Che io godro.*

*During the song Mask exclaims,*  
Divino! squisito! bravissimo! &c.

*Sop.* And you really think it is set prettily. (*conceitedly.*)

*Mask.* Delightfully! --- *con amore,* Madam --- and sung --- O heavens!

*Sop.* O, you're too good to me --- And yet, ha! ha! --- And yet, I hope it is a little better than the horrid English ballad-singing.

*Mask.* English ballad-singing! ---- O the ridiculous idea! --- To hear a huge fellow with a rough horrible voice roaring out, *O the roast beef of old England!* Or a pale faced chit of a girl, when some country neighbour asks her in company, "Pray, Ma'am, could you favour us with *Go, Rose!*" No, Sir, not that, but "another if you please;" and then begins screaming, *If love's a sweet passion,* squalling to the antient British melody of the bag pipe, the Welch harp, and the dulcimer.

*Sop.* Horrible! ha! ha! ha! horrible! --- What a picture of English taste! --- Oh --- the people here are all downright Goths.

*Mask.* Absolute savages --- An English catch, a Scotch jig, and an Irish howl are all their ideas of harmony --- Their voices are a scale of discord --- Musick --- oh --- musick flourishes no where but in Italy.

*Sop.* O ravishing Italy! --- I'd give the world to be there



there — 'Tis a heaven upan earth — the land of *Gusto*, *Vertù*, and *Felicità*.

*Mask*. Oh! what would I give to have the happiness of transporting so inestimable a treasure as *the Sophini*, to that region of taste! — Suffer me to renew the suit I have so often urged to you! — Let me, nay you must let me, attend you thither.

*Sop*. Nay — prithee now — [languishing.

*Mask*. Such taste! such voice! such execution! Heavens, Madam! you would be the admiration of all the *Conoscenti* — Nay, tho' a lady, I make no doubt but you would receive honours from the academy *della Crusca*.

*Sop*. Lord! — I protest now — You put me quite into confusion — For heaven's sake —

*Mask*. O see me at your feet! — Take pity on me! — upon yourself! — Consider my risk of losing you by that horrid country-match I told you of! Fly, O, let us fly from this Gothic country, and take refuge in Italy! — and permit your *Masquali* to attend you (as your faithful *Cicisbei* —

*Sop*. Let me beg, Sir! —

*Mask*. Take him for your humble *Cicerone*, to shew you the beauties of the place —

*Sop*. Pray now! —

*Mask*. Your *Nomenclatore* to introduce you to the virtuosi —

*Sop*. How can you be so? —

*Mask*. Take him — I won't shock your ear with the English sound of Husband — but what is more soft and tender — Take him for your *sposo*! — your *care sposo*.

*Sop*. Lord! this is so strange — But stay! let me order Rosini to get the band in order! — You have not had the musick I promised you this morning.

*Mask*. Oh, I am too impatient to delay my supreme happiness on any consideration. We can have the musick afterwards.

*Sop*. Afterwards? *Signor*? [somewhat angrily.

*Mask*. Yes, my dear *Sophini*, afterwards. And then, you know, it may serve for a wedding concert — We may have it by way of a *concerto nuptiale* — What d'ye think of that?

*Sop.* A concerto *nuttiale*! Oh heavens! I am transported with the thought — To have the singular pleasure of celebrating my marriage with a *Pasticcio* made up of the choicest pieces of my own composition! — What would inspire you with so divine an imagination? — The very idea absolutely overcomes me.

*Mask.* And you consent to make me happy — Come then! my soul is on the wing — Let us away this instant! —

*Sop.* What can I do? — Well — after all — there is something so tender — so *affettuoso* in your manner! — O you wicked creature! — I wish I could refuse you?

*Mask.* O the music of the sound! *O cara! cara!*  
[Kissing her hand.]

*Sop.* But on condition we go directly to Italy.

*Mask.* Immediately. The ceremony may be performed to-day, — this hour, — and we may leave England to-morrow. — Oh! with what pleasure do I change my state, and leave this barbarous country to attend the *Sophini* to Italy!

Farewell! Old England! liberty! *et tutto!*

Hail foreign climes! and marriage *benvenuto!*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Temple walks.

Enter Old Mask.

So — so — so! tricked, cheated, imposed on, fooled and bamboozled by an ungracious rogue of a son! — a young knave! with his letters about special arguments at Westminster, and tryals at Guildhall, — and his stories of circuits and sessions, — and his jargon from Plowden and Coke. — Ods-my-life! — I am in such a passion I could knock down every man I meet with for very anger. —

Enter Freeman.

*Freem.* Bless me! is not that old Mr. Mask? — Your servant, Sir! you're welcome to town.

*O. Mask.* O your servant, Sir! Your most humble servant! — So your friend George is ruined, I find. —  
George,



George, Sir, — your old crony, and school-fellow — George is undone.

*Freem.* Heaven forbid!

*O. Mask.* What? you know nothing of the matter, hey! — you're not acquainted with the pranks he has play'd — Not you — to be sure! — Here have been rare doings! Fine studies at the Temple! — A new abridgment of the law! —

*Freem.* So all's out, I find. [*Aside.*] — Please to explain, Sir! — Have you seen your son? — have you been at his chambers?

*O. Mask.* Chambers! chambers, d'ye call them? — Kennels, dog-holes. — I purchased him a handsome set of chambers in King's Bench walk, — as handsome as any in the Temple---Ay and furnished them as handsomely. — But the young man is removed, I find: — and where? --- why, into a blind alley, — a dark corner of the Inns of Court, up four pair of stairs, — into a couple of vile shelving garrets, where I could scarce stand upright, or find a chair to sit down — with a worse smell than the county gaol, — and a beautiful prospect into White Friars. — And then his study! A hundred and fifty pounds worth of law books — I gave him — all neatly bound in white calf's skin, — gone! — The duce a law book has he in the world — but Littleton's Tenures in *duodecimo*, and the Game laws sewed in blue paper, — which, with an odd volume of Tristram Shandy, some loose pamphlets and newspapers, and six or seven shelves of empty bottles, make up the whole of his library.---An extravagant profligate!

*Freem.* Ha! ha, ha! — I see, sir, you have taken an exact inventory of his effects. — But this is nothing. — Almost every young fellow falls into distresses one time or other. — An over-provident farther makes a prodigal son. — You kept him too bare of money — you did, indeed, sir!

*O. Mask.* Money! — did not I give him a profession? did not I put him to the law! — Ods-my-life! the riches, — that by pains and application, he might have got by his profession

*Freem.* His profession! ha, ha, ha! that's incomparable. — His profession! Ah, my dear sir, the pro-

feſſion and he will never be a whit the better for each other. — The law is a noble ſtudy, it is true, — followed by ſeveral learned and worthy men.

*O. Mask.* A ſure road to wealth and preferment.

*Freem.* Very true, ſir, — but your ſon could as ſoon bring himſelf to take a purſe upon the road, as follow the road to riches, which you have chalked out for him.

*O. Mask.* Never tell me, — I know that with his talents, he might have done what he pleaſed. — George has lively parts. — An abandoned profligate! — to ruin himſelf! — And was always a ſmart lad, — a keen — ſhrewd young rogue! — A fool to throw himſelf away! — and might have got into practice and high reputation, and made a fortune by his profeſſion.

*Freem.* Never! take my word for it. It is not his turn — not in the leaſt his talent. — Diametrically oppoſite to his genius and diſpoſition. — Lively parts! a fine notion! — as if becauſe he can diſtinguiſh black from white, he ſhould be able to confound black and white with each other.

*O. Mask.* He has ruined himſelf by his idleneſs and extravagance. Ah, what a proſpect has he loſt! Had he ſtuck to his ſtudies, and made a figure at the bar, we might have got him a ſeat in parliament, — and then of courſe a ſilk gown, — and then, by degrees, the ſollicitor-generalſhip, — and then the attorney-generalſhip, — and then a judge — or a chief juſtice, — and then, — ods my life, — he might have been as great a man as my lord Coke himſelf.

*Freem.* Oh rare! there's the true logick of every father in the kingdom! There is not a country farmer, who ſends his ſon a ſervitor to the univerſity, but what promiſes himſelf the honour of lawn ſleeves in his family.

*O. Mask.* Well, — well, — it does not ſignify talking. — I'll never acknowledge him as long as I live. — Neglect his ſtudies! his goods ſeized! over head and ears in debt! — a wretch! a vagabond! a prodigal! —

*Freem.* Oh! moderate your anger! — If he is in diſtreſs, you'll relieve him; if he has any debts, you'll pay them, — and then all's well again.

*O. Mask.*

*O. Mask.* Me! I'll not advance a penny — let him go to gaol — let him starve — I'll never see his face again.

*Freem.* You will, I am sure.

*O. Mask.* Never — I'll disinherite him — I won't leave him a groat — I'll cut him off with a shilling. — He's ruined for ever.

*Freem.* He'll make his fortune.

*O. Mask.* He's undone.

*Freem.* He's made for ever.

*O. Mask.* He'll be liang'd.

*Freem.* He's married.

*O. Mask.* Who! what! when! where! how! —

*Freem.* He's married.

*O. Mask.* Married! to whom?

*Freem.* To a lady of fortune — rich, young, and handsome — A girl with thirty thousand pound in hand money, Mr. Mask.

*O. Mask.* What! George?

*Freem.* Yes, George.

*O. Mask.* George! married! — when?

*Freem.* Within this half hour.

*O. Mask.* To thirty thousand?

*Freem.* And better.

*O. Mask.* Indeed! — well said, George, I'faith. — He's a fine boy — I knew he would do — He was always an arch rogue — But how d'ye know?

*Freem.* I'm sure on't — he dispatched one of my own servants to me with the intelligence — My chariot carried them to church.

*O. Mask.* Excellent! — he's a rare fellow — I'll leave him every farthing I have in the world — I'll settle — But who is this lady? Where does she live?

*Freem.* If you please, Sir — I'll conduct you to the house — perhaps we may arrive there before their return — and he shall present you with your fair daughter-in-law as a peace-offering.

*O. Mask.* Come along then! — It shall go hard but I'll dance at the young rogue's wedding — I'll settle five hundred a year on the first boy — Did not I tell you he was a smart lad, and would thrive in the world?

Ods-my-life — strip him stark naked, and throw him into the sea, he would rise up again with a sword and bag wig. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Hall at Sophy's — Musicians — Music stands — and every thing prepared for a Concert.*

*Rosin.* Come! are the scores all right? are you all ready in your parts?

*Singer.* I'm afraid, we're not quite perfect in this strange *Trio* which Mr. Mask has left with us.

*Rosin.* Strange *Trio*, d'ye call it? Let me see — [*Reads the paper.*]

*And, also, nor, neither,  
For, because, or, either;  
But, that, although, therefore,  
If, yet, unless, wherefore.*

Very pretty words, and extremely musical! — Suppose you run them over — you'll have time enough.

*Singer.* With all my heart.

### The T R I O.

Words by Dr. BUSBY.

Music by Mr. BATTISHULL.

*And, also, nor, neither,  
For, because, or, either;  
But, that, although, therefore,  
If, yet, unless, wherefore.*

*Towards the End of the Song, enter OLD MASK and  
FREEMAN.*

*O. Mask.* Ods-my-life! A vety handsome house — What a magnificent side-board of plate in the parlour we came thro'!

*Freem.*

*Freem.* Oh! Sir, you'll find every thing agreeable to your wishes, and the account I have given you.

*O. Mask.* But is she so musical? d'ye say? —

*Freem.* Hift! they're here — Let us retire a-while! —

*Enter Mask and Sophy.*

*Sop.* *Di due belle alme amanti, &c.* [Singing.

*Freem.* [advancing.] How now, Mask? May we give you joy? You're married, I hope.

*Mask.* Ay-ay — fast enough, Freeman.

*Sophy.* O yes — married in a filthy church without an organ in it. — But, Signor Masquali! d'ye know that gentleman? (*Seeing Old Mask, who advances.*)

*Mask.* My Father! — I'll carry it through boldly however. [*Aside.*] You see, my dear, I told you he would be in town. [*To Sophy.*] This is a pleasure I had not flatter'd myself in the expectation of — Give me leave, Sir, to present you with this Lady — whom I have just now had the happiness to make my wife, and your daughter.

*O. Mask.* Madam, I give you joy — and my son joy --- and myself joy — I have heard of all your pranks, George; and if you had not overcome me with this agreeable surprize --- Ods-my-life, I should have taken you soundly to task, I can tell you. [*Apart to Mask.*

*Sop.* Well, I protest I am glad to see so much good company. --- I have a *Concerto* ready -- you will be ravished with it --- all the airs are of my own composition.

*O. Mask.* A Concert! --- With submission, Ma'am, a good country dance would make us a thousand times merrier. --- Ods-my-life! give me but a lively partner, and I'll cross over, and figure in, and right-hand and left till six in the morning. --- Toll de roll, de roll.

[Singing a dance-tune.

*Sop.* O monstrous! Signor Masquali, d'ye hear? Is it possible this can be a father of yours, and have so little *gusto*?

*O. Mask.* His father? Yes, Ma'am, and you'll find him his father's own son, I believe --- a chip of the old block, I promise you.

*Sop.* Oh! he's the very abstract of *Vertu* --

*O. Mask.*

O. Mask. Yes --- yes --- George has virtue enough for that matter.

Sop. *Vertù* --- *Gusto* --- Musical Taste, Sir! ]

O. Mask. What, George?

Sop. A complete *Conoscente* ---

O. Mask. My Son?

Sop. A most excellent judge of stile and composition.

O. Mask. He!

Sop. And a person of the nicest ear in the world.

O. Mask. O dear! O dear! O dear! What has the young rogue made you believe that he understands musick?

Sop. Oh Sir! I am not easily deceived in those particulars. [Conceitedly.

O. Mask. A sly dog! --- He was always an arch rogue --- ha, ha, ha, ha! --- Why this is all a Bam, Madam!

Sop. A Bam? Sir! --- what d'ye mean?

O. Mask. The young rogue has played on us both, Ma'am! --- Taste! He knows no more of *Vertù*, as you call it, than, I find he does of the Law. --- A sly dog! --- Musick! --- He! --- why, he has no notion of a tune beyond *Derry down*, or the hundredth Psalm. --- As to singing, he has no more musical notes in his voice than a Cuckow --- And the ear is, I believe, the last part of the human frame by which he would chuse to be distinguished.

Sop. Nay now, Sir, you carry your raillery too far. I am too well acquainted with his accomplishments. Don't I know that he mixt with all the *Virtuosi* in Italy? --- Does not he abominate filthy English, and idolize dear *Italian*? --- And is not he just returned from being the object of publick admiration at Rome?

O. Mask. Rome! George been at Rome! --- What has he persuaded you into that too? ha, ha, ha, ha! --- An arch dog! [Laughing heartily.] Why, Ma'am, he never was out of England in his life. --- He knows no more of Rome than the Pope does of my seat in Wiltshire ---

Sop. How!

O. Mask. And as to Italian, he is not acquainted with twenty Words of the language ---



*Sop.* Impossible!

*O. Mask* I tell you, Ma'am, again and again, it's all a Bam upon you — George is an arch rogue, and has been too hard for us both — ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Mask winks and makes signs to him.*

Ah! — what signifies your winking and nodding to me? — Isn't it all true? firrah!

*Sop.* And do you confess this charge? Sir! [*to Mask.*

*Mask.* Guilty, upon my honour! Before marriage, as I saw it pleased you, I was content to seem an Italian; but now, my love, you shall find me a true Briton, I promise you.

*O. Mask.* Look ye there! — did not I tell you so? — ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Sop.* Nay now. Sir, I see you are in jest — for I'm convinced that Signor *Masquali* —

*Mask.* *Masquali*! — *Mask.* — *Mask* is my name, my dear! — and your name too — thanks to the parson.

*Sop.* *Mask*! — I shall never bear to be called *Mask* — Mrs. *Mask*! — Such an unmusical appellation! — I shall never endure it.

*Mask.* Yes, yes, you will endure it very well; and a great deal more too, I warrant you.

*Sop.* Why, surely, Signor! —

*Mask.* Signor! — I am no Signor. — Mr *Mask* — or, if you please, George *Mask* — an English Gentleman — worth twenty Marquises from France, or Counts from Italy.

*O. Mask.* Ods-my life! he'll fret her guts to fiddle-strings.

*Sop.* And you are really no *Virtuoso*? not a person of *gusto*. —

*Mask.* In nothing, Ma'am, but in my passion for you.

*Sop.* Astonishing! — I shall still have one consolation however — and that a great one — I shall have the pleasure of forming your taste myself — and as a good lesson — I'll have the *Concerto* performed immediately. Where are all my people? Here *Rosini*! *Caprice*! *Scrapelli*! *Squeekalli*!

[*Calling the Singers.*

*O. Mask.* Ods-my-life, the whole kennel! — Silver and Truman! Sweetlips and Dido!

*Sop.*



*Sop.* Ah *Tramontani!* what horrible discord! nothing but the performance of my *Concerto* —

*Mask.* Come, come, my dear Sophy, we'll have no *Concerto* — nothing Italian — We'll celebrate our nuptials after the old English fashion —

*Sop.* What!

*Mask.* I'll give away five guineas to the bell-ringers —

*Sop.* Horrible!

*Mask.* All the servants shall go roaring drunk to bed —

*Sop.* Monstrous!

*Mask.* And to-morrow morning, my love, you shall be roused with the drums, and the true British Serenade of marrow-bones and cleavers —

*Sop.* Barbarous and horrible! is this the *Affettuoso Masquali*? Is this the tender *Sposo*?

*Mask.* English! my dear Sophy, speak English for Heaven's sake! I can converse in no other language.

*Sop.* How am I deceived and imposed on? And don't you intend to carry me to Italy?

*Mask.* To Italy! ridiculous! No, no, my love, we'll stay here in the comfortable enjoyment of beef, liberty, and Old England.

*Sop.* Disappointed in every thing! deluded! cajoled! coaxed! wheedled into a marriage with a horrid English —

*Mask.* Have a care, Sophy! no hard words to your lord and husband!

*Sop.* Husband! I shall faint at the sound.

*Freem.* Have patience, Madam! and reconcile yourself to your situation! To be laugh'd out of one's follies, is the best and most agreeable method of being cured of them.

*O. Mask.* Ods-my-life, daughter! --- I have a right to call you daughter now --- Down on your knees, and thank heaven that you have had such an escape! Why it was a thousand to one but what you had married a fidler --- You have met with one of the archest young rogues in the world. I'll answer for it, that his fortune shall be little inferior to your own. --- and I warrant that he will make the best of husbands.

*Sop.* Best of husbands, indeed! and deny me the enjoyment of musick and *Vertù*.

*Mask.*

*Mask.* That, my dearest Sophy, shall be almost the only thing I will deny you. And you will thank me hereafter for opposing a foible, which eclipsed your good sense, and served only to make you ridiculous --- Nay more, to convince you that I can endure the sound of an instrument --- do but defer your concert till the evening, you shall invite what company you please, and my father may be indulged with his country-dance afterwards into the bargain.

*O. Mask.* Afterwards? --- We'll have a dance now --- Away with your music-stands and big-bellied bass-  
viols, and let the fiddles strike up here, and call in your fingers and go down the dance with us.

*Mask.* With all my heart ---- But I have more wonders for you.

*Sop.* What d'ye mean!

*Mask.* I'll shew you --- *Rosini!*

[*To Rosin, who advances.*

*Ros.* Signor!

*Mask.* Signor! --- don't Signor me, puppy. Sophy, do you know this gentleman?

*Sop.* Nobody better; --- it is signor *Rosini.*

*Mask.* See now, how easy it is to impose on you. He is as great a cheat as myself. This is no signor *Rosini!* but honest Jack *Rosin*, from *Comus* his court; ---- one of the choice spirits, --- the chief leader in all my concertos, and by my direction he crept into your pay as signor *Rosini.*

*Sop.* Indeed! I must fairly own that this last circumstance mortifies me, and makes me more ashamed of my musical attachment than all the rest. ---- To be duped by Mr. *Rosin*, is too palpable a weakness not to be repented! But now, Sir, if I consent to lower my note, (to make use of a musical phrase once more) may I not hope that you will lower your note too?

*Mask.* In every particular that does not hurt your fortune or injure your character, you shall find me the tenderest and most compliant of husbands. And now, Sophy, do but cheerfully resign this one foible, we shall be the happiest couple in Great Britain. --- And though there

there has been some little discord between us at first, we shall agree for the future as well as bass and treble. --- And give me leave to congratulate you, that instead of *Signor MASQUALI*, you have got honest **GEORGE MASK**.

THE END.





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